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A STORY WITH A MORAL.

The Heavy Cross.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Robert Hope and Samuel Hullins had lived next door to one another for more than twelve years, and it is probable that they would have continued to live in harmony, if Samuel, who had served under Admiral Nelson, had not gaind at Trafalgar a small pension, which he paid for by the loss one of his legs. Now partly that leg, and still more that pension, were constant objects of jealousy for Robert; he blamed fate for having left him his two legs, and he complained bitterly to God because he could not, as he said, sell his legs at the same price as Hullins. Every time he went to pay his rent, he repeated grumblingly that his neighbor was a very happy man; that he was able to pay rent, the king gave him such a good pension.

At first, Robert contented himself with talking of his grievance to himself; but little by little his discontent was expressed more loudly, and soon it became his habitual and favorite topic of conversation.—One week when he was behind hand with his rent, and as he was going towards the house of Mr. Taylor to make his excuses, he met his neighbor Hullins, who was going as regular as a clock to pay his rent. The very sight of Samuel had on Robert the effect of sickness; so when he bowed his head in reply to the salutation of Hullins, his singularly resembled that of a bull showing his horns to a dog. On reaching the house of the landlord Hope was severely reprimanded, and the example of his neighbor held up to him, as always paying regularly and to the last penny.

"Yes, yes," muttered Robert, "there are some who are born with their mouth full of money; Hullins is very happy, but I am not astonished that a person can pay regularly when he has such a pension as his."

'Hullins has a pension, it is true,' replied Mr. Taylor, 'but his infirmity is a heavy cross, and if you was afflicted with it, you would complain much more.'

'Not at all,' replied Hope; "if I had been happy enough to lose a leg as he was, it would have been a famously productive day for me. I would sell all my limbs at the same price that Samuel has. Do you call his wooden leg a heavy cross? for my part, I think his pension ought to make it light. The heaviest cross that I know of, is to be obliged to work unceasingly to pay your rent."

Mr. Taylor was a good natured man, and a keen observer. He had for a long time remarked Robert's envious disposition, and he resolved to convince him that with a discontented spirit the lighest cross soon become heavy.

'I see,' said he to Hope, 'that you are disposed to do nothing; very well, I can free you from this necessity of working, which you think so grievous. You think the cross of your neighbor Samuel easy to bear, do you? If you will accept of one much lighter, I will engage to hold you quit of your rent.'

'But what a kind of a cross will you put on my shoulder?' asked Robert, uneasily, for he feared that the proposition would not be accepted.

'Such as this,' said Mr. Taylor, taking a bit of chalk and tracing a white cross on Robert's coat; 'as long as you wear this I will not ask you for rent.'

Hope thought at first that his landlord was joking; but on being assured that he was speaking seriously—

'By St. George!' cried he, "you may be sure that you have seen the last of my money, for I will carry such a cross all my life!"

Robert soon left, congratulating himself on his good luck, and all along the road he laughed at the folly of Mr. Taylor in giving up his rent so easily. He had never felt happier in all his life than when he reached home; he found fault with nothing; even his dog came and sat down at his feet without being punished for his familiarity. As he sat down on entering the house, his wife did not at first see the white cross he had on his shoulder; but passing behind her husband to wind up the clock, she cried out all at once, in a sharp voice:—

'Ah!—good heavens, Robert where have you been? You have a cross a foot long on your back. You must have come from the tavern, and I suppose some drunken friend has played you this trick to make you look like a booby,—as if you needed a mark for that! Get up and keep quiet till I brush off that cross!'

'Get off!' cried Hope, turning away quickly, 'my clothes have no need of you; go and knit your stockings, and let me alone.'

'That I will not!' said Mrs. Hope in a still sharper voice. 'I do not wish my husband to become the laughing stock of the village, and if I tear your coat in pieces, you shall not wear that ridiculous cross!'

So saying, the whole boousehold endeavored to brush Robert's shoulder; and he knowing that resistance was useless, fled swearing and shutting the door violently.

'What a fury!, murmured he; 'if she had been more gentle, I would have told her my good luck; but she is not worthy of knowing it.'

'O—Robert!' cried the old man Fox, the moment Hope turned the corner of his house; 'what is that white cross you carry on your back?'

'Mind your own business,' replied Hope, insolently.

'Mr. Hope,' said little Patty Stevens, the daughter of the grocer, 'stop a moment if you please, till I rub off the cross some one has made on your shoulder.'

'Go and sell your herrings, idle girl,' replied Robert, 'and don't trouble yourself about the passers by.'

The little girl confused, hastened into her mother's shop. Just as Hope reached the house of the butcher, who was chatting with his neighbor the blacksmith.

"You are just the man we want,' said they, stopping Robert, and they immediately began to talk of business; but hardly had they begun, when an old woman, Peggy Turton, came up dressed in her plaid and blue apron.

'Heavens—Mr. Hope!' cried she, gathering up her apron with her hands, 'what a horrible thing on your back!'

Robert turned around to tell her to let it alone; but then the blacksmith perceived the mark.

'By heavens, look!' said he laughing, 'he can serve as a sign for the inn of the White Cross!'

'I suppose added the butcher, 'that his wife put this sign on his shoulder for fear of losing him."

Hope felt that there was but one way to escape their jokes, so he hastily left the place, but not without calling them foolish idlers; the cross began to weigh on his shoulder more than he had at first supposed possible.

The unhappy Robert seemed destined this day to unpleasant meetings, for scarcely had he taken a few steps when he found himself in the midst of the school children. The school was over, and the scholars burst out into the road, disposed to make the most of any of any occasion for frolic which might present itself. Hope was seized with a terrible restlessness; he seemed already to hear the hue-and-cry after him. Before long his fears were relieved; hardly had he passed, when a loud cry was heard, and at last fifty scholars began to run after him, pointing at him, and throwing their bonnets and caps in the air.

'Look, look!' cried one: 'look like a sheep marked for the butcher!'

'Do you not see,' said another, 'that he has been crossed, and is going to leave for Palestine!'

And the shouts of laughter began again, louder than ever. Hope now became pale with anger, he turned round like a surly house dog worried by children, and perhaps would have taken cruel revenge on his persecutors, if Mr. Johnson the schoolmaster, had not just then shown himself at the door of his house.

Robert went towards him and began to complain that his school was composed of vagabonds and insolent children. Mr. Johnson replied gently, that he would not for all the world encourage impertinence in his schollars, but that the white cross which he had on his back would make people wiser than children laugh.

'What business is that to you!' replied Robert, haughtily, 'is not my back my own property!'

The schoolmaster bowed, and Hope continued on his way. But the cross bore more and more heavily on his shoulders. He began to think it would not be so easy to avoid paying Mr. Taylor his rent after all. If so many jokes followed him already, what would it be when they know the reason of this foolish ornament! Reflecting thus, Robert came near the tavern; he was going to pass on, when he perceived Mr. Taylor himself a few steps in advance, and on the other side, his neighbor Hullins, dragging along his wooden leg, and chatting with Harry Stoke the carpenter.

Harry Stoke was the Wit of the village, and on no account did Hope wish to be joked by him before Hullins. So he took refuge in the tavern. But that was not long tenable. The drinkers were not slow to perceive the cross, and joke Hope about it; a quarrel broke out, and the inn keeper, fearing something serious would happen, had Robert put out of his house by his man.

Robert had left his own house, intending to go and look after some work which had been offered him in the neighboring village, but his temper had been so ruffled by the old man Fox, Patty Stephens, the blacksmith, the butcher, Peggy Turton, and the scholars, that he decided to return home, thinking that after all he should be more quiet there. So he started for home.

Sometimes he would walk quickly so as not to be overtaken; then he would take a step a minute; in order not to pass some one he would see in advance; sometimes in the fields, he would glide behind bushes, jump over walls, and fly from the sight of men with as much care as a robber who had stolen a chicken from a farm yard—all this time the white cross was insupportably heavy. At last he reached home, and he hoped now to find a little quiet.—But as soon as his wife saw him she cried out:—

'Are you not ashamed to come back as you went out! Already five or six of our neighbors have asked me if you had not lost your senses. Quick now let me pass my apron over that cross.'

So saying, Mistress Hope tried to get hold of her husband's arm; but he rudely pushed her back. Mistress Hope, who was not overburdened with patience, replied with a blow, and the result was a regular fight between the two, to the great scandal of the neighbors, who ran to separate them.

It is not necessary to say that every-body decided against Robert, who at first braved the general disapprobation, and even found consolation in his fury; but the more impetuously a fire burns, the sooner it consumes that which nourishes it; even as passionate men soon exhaust their energy by the violence of their feelings. Robert, on becoming calmer, had not the courage to continue this painful contest; he felt that there was no hope of quiet for him, either out of doors or in his own house, as long as he wore that cross on his coat, and he decided to efface in that evening himself of his own accord. The following Monday he went at an early hour to the house of his landlord with the rent for the week in his hand.

'Ah, ah, Robert!' said Mr. Taylor, as soon at he saw him, 'I thought you would repent of your bargain before long. This is a good lesson for envious and impatient characters, who are constantly complaining of God and life. Call to mind all that has happened, Mr. Hope, and remember that He who has created us has proportioned the burden to the back of each one of us. Do not complain of being less happy than others, for you do not know what your neighbor suffers. All crosses are heavy; that which makes them light is *ptaience, courage* and *faith*.,

Fate of the Caroline.

Almost in the center of the foaming Niagara, and some three miles above the eternal Cataract,, there is a long, narrow island, having a few ordinary looking farmhouses scattered along its shores, but covered principally by a dense growth of dwarfish trees, with here and there a solitary old oak, towering aloft above the surrounding thickets, like some tall giant amid a group of school-boys.

This is Navy Island, and here it was that occurred one of the most ridiculous farces, at the same time one of the most painful tragedies, which were enacted during the Canadian Rebellion.

Some seven hundred men and boys, representing every grade of society but the spectable, were assembled with the intention——ah! that is a mystery. Probably not one in that misnamed patriot host knew why they were there, and it is equally probable that few of them cared. But each individual seemed to know that he had heretofore all his life been a cypher in the community, and happen what would, that he could not well be less, while he might possibly be more, even though there was but faint promise of such a result.

The officers of this modern winter crusade, it may be, were many of them in the confidence of the prime movers of the affair, or partially so, but it is doubtful whether any of them had a knowledge of any ultimate design, other than that they were to assemble on the island and wait the action of their co-patriots in Canada.

With some three or four old and unserviceable pieces or artilery, perhaps a rifle, to every third man, no camp equipage, very little amunition, less provisions, in the midst of the rigorous frontier winter, with the snow full two feet deep, and the men worse clad, if possible, than the heroes of Point au Pelee, it was altogether one of the maddest schemes ever undertaken, and any one who may chance to be thoroughly posted up on the history of the Navy Island affair, need not be in the least surprised if at some future time they would learn that a dozen porter-house desperadoes, led on by a rum-bloated Van Somebody, should sieze upon a canal boat, cross the Atlantic, blockade the English Channel, and possess themselves of the Isle of Wight, from which to invade Great Britain.

Several days had passed since the occupation of the island, during which time the 'crusaders' had been starving, freezing, wading about in the snow and keeping up a desultory firing from their few rusty, inefficient guns upon the town of Chippawa, and two or three from houses along the banks of the river, most of their shot, however, dropping harmlessly into the river, far short of their mark, when one cold, blustering afternoon, a little steamer from Buffalo touched the island, having on board about forty passengers, mostly men of respectability, who had chartered the boat and come down merely to have a look at the chrysalis Napoleons of Navy Island.

It was almost sundown when the passengers were ready to embark, and, as the river was running full of ice, making the night navigation up stream both difficult and dangerous, it was decided to run the steamer over to a little wharf at Sclosher, about a mile above the falls, on the American side, and there remain until the following morning.

The steamer reached the wharf about dark, and a number of her passengers who who were anxious to return to Buffalo that night, procured two teams and immediately set out.

There were still more persons on board than could be accommodated with berths, and so another party repaired to a hotel only a few rods from the wharf, leaving on the steamer, as nearly as could be ascertained, sixteen persons, exclusive of the crew.

It was an hour past midnight when the inmates of the hotel were suddenly aroused from slumber by the rapid discharge of fire-arms accompanied by the screams and yells of men being shot and stabbed, and every indication of a terrible melee.

Rushing to doors and windows, and some of them out into the street, they beheld a scene which chilled their very heart's blood, and struck them with mute horror.

There, on board the steamer, not ten rods distant, they beheld the bright red flames darting upwards in a dozen places, illuminating the the whole surrounding scenery with a lurid glare, while here and there upon the steamers deck, could be seen the coated soldiers of the British Colonel Possessions stabbing and shooting down unoffending and defenceless American citizens.

Everywhere amid the flames gleamed the scarlet uniform of those human demons, as, led on and incited by more demoniac officers, they revelled in their bloody midnight massacre.

Only one (as far as ever was known) of that little company escaped to the shore. He a quiet young man—the husband of a beatiful woman, the father of two lovely children, a clerk in a Buffalo warehouse—thought to avoid the fate of his follows by stealing away from the scene in the shadow of some old buildings near the river. He had almost reached the friendly shade when he was discovered, shot down, riddled with bullets; but still lived and essayed to drag himself away on his hands and knees.

"Kill the Yankee rascal!" shouted the English commander, and a dozen sodiers sprank forward to execute the brutal order.

In vain poor Durfee implored mercy at the hands of those scarlet butchers. As well might the dove seek to move the pity of the swooping eagle.

"Mercy! Mercy! Mer—"

But the last cry was hushed by a dozen bayonets, already dyed crimson with human gore, which went crushing and grating through the victim's body.

For a moment the wretched man remained there upon his hands and knees after the reeking steel was withdrawn, and then with a terrific scream, he leaped high into the air, and fell down upon his back, quivering in the last agonies of death.

A British soldier more merciful—or it may be more cruel—than his companions, turned the butt of his musket and ended the sufferings of the victim by dashing out his brains.

If there was ever a most damnable and cold blooded assassination on earth, it was that of poor Durfee—shot, stabbed, and his brains beaten out by British soldiers, by command of British officers on American soil. That no reparation should have been demanded for such an atrocious outrage, was, is, and ever will be, a most convincing proof of the mean and cringing policy of the administration of that period.

Had such an outrage been perpetrated upon British ground, upon British subject, and sanctioned by the government of those who committed it, a hundred thousand British bayonets would have avenged the cold blooded murder; but, among all the nations of the earth, our own has been the most backward in seeking redress for individual wrongs inflicted upon her children.

'Tis true she is very particular in regard to her national honor, as bound up in a few officials at Washington, but it seems to be a settled policy to "let the boys take care of themselves." If they get into difficulty, let them get out again; if insulted, let them bear it; if robbed and plundered, keep quiet and try it again; if murdered why, it's not much consequence: plenty more men in the country.

The burning steamer was cast adrift, and as she whirled along down the seething current towards the mighty cataract, some five or six human beings, who had eluded the hurried search of the British murderers, could be seen flitting about amid the roaring flames, which now almost wholly enveloped the deck in a fiery mantle, while their wild agonizing screams went up to Heaven, and rang out on the cold, frosty air, loud and shrill, even above the thunderlike tones of the falls.

With cheers and loud huzzas the British butchers returned to their boats and pulled for the Canada shore, while the blazing steamer, with her screaming passengers roasting to death in those raging flames, went whirling on down the hissing torrent for a few moments longer, until the brink of the vast catering was gained, when, simultaneously with the last unearthly yell of the doomed victims, shot up high into the air a jet of flame at the sullen plunge, and then they all were silent. The ill fated Caroline was forever gone, with her cargo of murdered, and the few that survived the massacre, down into the abyss of wild, foaming waters.

Mourning Customs.

All the world are acquainted with the grandeur of the Roman obsequies and funeral games. The Greeks burnt the corpses of the distinguished men with funeral feasts and the lamentation of hired weepers, though they generally displayed a less sumptious grief and better regulated piety. The Persians buried the bodies of the dead; the Scythians ate them; the Indians enveloped them for preservation's sake in a sort of locker; the Egyptians embalmed and dried them, exhibited them on festal days, placed them at the table among their guests, guarded them as their most precious possessions, and loaned and borrowed money on these strange pledges. In our time the custom of dancing at funerals is only practiced in India and among some savage nations; but funeral entertainments still prevail in many European countries. Among others the ceremony of interment is solemn and silent, which nevertheless does not interfere with the wish that all may be forgotten as speedily as possible. We observe more ostentatious rites for persons of consequence. Their carriages follow them to the graves, and sometimes their horses are paraded, which, having been made to fast, seem to partake of the afflictions of the occasion. The Orientals, from whom we borrow this custom, went further—they made the horses in funeral processions weep, by blowing a particular kind of powder up their nostrils.

In Italy the mourning was formerly white for women, and brown for men. In China it is white; in Ethiopia, gray. Each of these colors had originally its mystical signification. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space where the soul ranges after earth; yellow, or the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of all human hopes, and man falling like the leaf of autumn; gray represents the color of the earth, our common mother; and black, the funeral custume now adopted throughout Europe and America, is an allusion to the night.

In England the sovereign never wears black; he is clothed in dark purple as mourning. Till the reign of Charles VIII. white was the funeral garb in France.—The Emperor Leopold, who died in 1704, used to suffer his beard to grow in disorder during the whole period of mourning. In this he imitated the Jews. The dowager empresses never left off weeds, and their apartments were hung with black until their apartments were hung with black until their death. The Chancellor of France is the only person who ever wears mourning. The brothers, nephews and cousins of popes, never wear it; the happiness of having a pope in the family is too great to allow them to be affected even by his death.

But the most remarkable of all these usages is, perhaps, that of the people of those ancient nations who dressed themselves as women when they lost their relatives, in order, it is said, that the ridicule attached to their vestments might make them ashamed of their grief.

SECESSION FROM THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—The Congregational Association has just closed its session at Detroit. The association, after a full discussion, adopted resolutions seceding from the American Tract Society, because that body refuses to recognize the sin of slavery in its publications. The association also passed resolutions denouncing the persecution of the Oberlin "rescuers," expressing the warmest sympathy for them, and recommending the churches to raise subscriptions for their benefit.

THE PEOPLE IN COUNCIL!

Cleveland Mass Convention 10,000 *in Attendance.*

The mass convention of citizens opposed to the Fugitive slave act, held at Cleveland on Tuesday, May 24th, was the largest meeting of the kind ever convened.—The Western Reserve counties poured in at least 10,000 people besides those from other parts of the State. The most enthusiastic feeling prevailed, and the proceedings were characterized by the utmost good order and unanimity.

A declaration was read and adopted, denouncing the fugitive slave law and the Dred Scott decision—also the Administration, which has for its direct object the Africanization of this continent by the diffusion of slavery and the limitation of *freedom*. Resolutions were also adopted, declaring that the States, by the federal compact, did not yield unlimited submission to the general government, and that when the general government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are void—that the fugitive act was unconstitutional—that the Supreme Court, as designed, was subservient to party politics, and that the judicial circuits should be remodeled—that the conviction of the Oberlin men was disgraceful and unparalled—that the prisoners were entitled to liberty and freedom—that the hope of the country rests on the great Republican party, and to it the people look for the restoration of the country to the purity of Jeffersonian Republicanism.

Speeches were made by Wade, Tilden, Giddings, Root, Gov. Chase, Judge Hitchcock, Delano, Carter, Spaulding, President Mahan, of Michigan University, and others.

REMARKS OF GOVERNOR CHASE.

Gov. Chase came forward and was received with tremendous applause. Waiting a few moments for the excitement to subside he commenced as follows:

"Fellow-citizens: A few hours ago I was sitting in my office at Columbus, not expecting to meet you here to-day. But having received a summons to attend this meeting, I felt that it was my duty to be here, and I have thereford come. I have not come to speak to you words of excitement, nor to urge, you to anything that you may hereafter have occasion to regret. In every juncture there are two courses open for adoption — the right and the wrong.

"The American people have the power in their own hands through the ballot-box, to proceed in a lawful manner to repeal a bad law, and if necessary to reform lawbreakers. You can do it all, and therefore it is not necessary to resort to any course of action that we cannot at all times carry out in a proper manner. What is the state of this case? Men whom we all know and honor, are incarcerated in yonder jail for doing what they believed to be right, and what not one man in ten thousand can place his and on his heart and say is not morally right. This is a great wrong, but which is the true method of redress? We must look at our own government in the proper light. It is a sovereign State, one of several States forming a general confederation. It exists under a federal government and under a State government.—Now the federal court may do wrong, as even a State government may do wrong, but it is a government that we ourselves have made. If it does wrong, we must turn out the members of that government and put in men who will conform to the wishes of the people who elected them.—So with our State government. If State officers fail to do their duty, let them be dismissed and proper men put in their places.

"The federal court, in prosecuting and punishing our incarcerated friends, is acting under the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Act. What is our redress? In the first place, it is to defend them, as they have been defended, ably and eloquently before the court where they are indicted.—Some persons claim that the law itself is unconstitutional. If improperly made, as claimed, it is now no law, and every step taken under it is a nullity. The proper course under the impression is to apply to our own tribunals for relief.

"I will not argue the constitutionality of that law. I was present at its passage and believed then, as I believe now, *that act to be more a symbol of practical sovereignty of the slave States over the free States*, than a means of reclamation of fugitive slaves.

"The case of our incarcerated friends has been brought before the courts of the State; these courts have a perfect right to carry their decrees into action.

"I do not wish to say, nor is it proper for you to say, what the decision of our court should be in the case. That is left for the members of the court themselves to determine. It is a matter between them, the people, and their God. I will only say what I have frequently said before, that as long as the State of Ohio remains a sovereignty, and as long as I am her chief Executive, *the process of her courts shall be executed.* The process of the U. S. courts must not be slighted or resisted, but so long as I represent the sovereignty of our State, *I will see that the process of our State courts shall not be interfered with or resisted, but shall be fully enforced.*

"If the process of the United States court is obnoxious to us, let it be remembered that before long we shall have a chance to appoint some one else to use the power of appointing United States officials. We can reform the Judiciary, the Presidency, and the Congress. The process may possibly be too slow to suit some of our more ardent friends here, but it will be accomplished in due time. Thus much I have said to you because, standing here as Governor of Ohio, I claim the rights of a man to speak just what I think. *When called on to act I will act.*" [Immense applause.]

[Governor Chase has signified his intention of closing, but the entire crowd unanimously begged him to go on. He thereupon continued.]

"I will say a few words about the Fugitive Slave act, on the manner in which it is enforced. With regard to the act itself, I believe the people are just as competent to discuss its features as Judge Taney himself with regard to its opperation, let us look into the present case.

"Certain men from the State of Kentucky, arrived at Wellington, claiming to hold a power of attorney which gave them right to seize and capture a negro boy, John. Be it remembered that this John was then under the protection of the laws of Ohio. These men came to take John by force of arms; they came prepared for violence; *they came prepared with bowie-knife and revolver to execute a legal document. Was this a way to make an arrest, as provided by the Constitution?—Was this peace? It is war!* Under a Constitution allowing such means for the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, that law executes himself. The Constitution provides that no man shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. This means, of course, trial by jury and proper hearing in court of law. The arrest under the power of attorney was directly in conflict with this clause. Private seizure within the limits of any State, where such seizure has not been regularly legalized by the laws of that State; is illegal.

"There was, and I presume is, a paper published in this city known as the *Plaindealer*. About the time the Fugitive Slave Act was passed the editor of that paper and myself had something to do with each other. At that time the editor of the *Plaindealer* declared that whether that act was unconstitutional or not, it was infernal in its origin. When that editor thus spoke he uttered the truth. It was never intended that the Constitution should be the shield and guaranty of slavery in its incursions on the Free States and Free Territories. If the framers of that Constitution could have seen or even dreamed of the construction now put upon it by some men, that constitution would never have been adopted. They thought with Mr. Mason that it was wrong to recognize property in man and so far from intending to foster slavery, they were calculating on on its total extintion in a brief period.

"Let us go peaceably to work. Let us go to our courts for redress. Let us not go to undue pressure to influence their decisions; and, whatever that decision may be, let us do our duty. For that power, after all rests with the people. They can, through the ballot-box, regulate all things. Let us see that we execute that power properly. See that right and faithful men are sent to Congress. Be sure that a President is sent to Washington who will truly represent the wishes of the people, and who will see that that Constitution be the security and guaranty of liberty, not the prop of slavery."

In concluding, he said that he had not given utterance to all he wished, but what he had said he was willing to die by. He begged them to be faithful to themselves, to their country and to the laws.

We have not given says the Cleveland *Herald*, the Governor's speech in as full and perfect manner as its merits warranted owing to the exceeding difficulty of reporting correctly in such a crowd. The speeech was of marked ability, and will add to Governor Chase's reputation as a statesman and an orator.

☞ The *Newport News* tells the following story:

"Peli, esq., has just commenced the erection of a new fence in front of his mansion, on Mary street, in this city. On one of the posts is the following, in manuscript:

"'The proposed fence is to be 60 feet long, 3½ feet rails and coping; to be finished this week. Mr. Eston is the carpenter, and Mr. Fludder the mason. The work is to be done by the day.

"'Terms cash.

"'Messrs. Fish & Engs furnish the lumber.

"'I hope this will be satisfactory to the public.

"'*April* 29, 1859.' DUNCAN PELL."

To this the *National Intlligencer* thus narrates the sequel:

"'It was on the first night of the to-be-dry month of May, 1859—the month of flowers and balmy zephyrs, passional attraction, green peas, and other affinities—that Duncan Pell lay buried in the arms of slumber. A loud and terrible rapping aroused him. It was continued. Rap, rap, rap! Starting from sleep, Duncan looked forth into the moonlight. A dark form was pounding away at the door. As Pell looked from the window, the form cried aloud;

"'Say, you Mister Pell, be you again' to have this 'ere fence white or yaller washed?'"

☞ A special Washington dispatch of the 27th, to the New York *Herald*, says:

It was reported, but not generally credited, that General Walker contemplated another foray upon Central America.—General Jerez, the Nicaragua Minister, I understand, has received similar intelligence. The English and French Admirals are said to have instructions to seize Walker and his filibusters, either ashore or afloat, and have expressed a determination to do so.

☞ It is stated lately, but should apparently be received with some grains of allowance, that a bull raised near Palmyra, N. Y., was so very vicious that it was decided to kill him. So the neighbors assembled and shot him full of balls, which only infuriated the beast. After a long time he was penned up, and tied securely with ropes and chains and a two-inch auger hole bored in his head; a pound of Dupont's best rifle powder was put in and rammed down, and his head blown to pieces. Thirty-five minutes after this, his tail was in active motion, whisking flies off his hide.

PROVOKING.—To dream you have lots of money, and then wake up and find yourself an editor.

Man and his Wife Hung.

From the Chicago Tribune.

KETTLESBURG, Mercer Co., Ill., May 9, 1859.

A day or two since our usually quiet community was thrown into a high state of excitement by an occurrence which I have thought may be worthy of recital in your paper. It seems that some few days ago a man and his wife, by the name of Bell, were arrested and examined before a justice on the charge of stealing $180. Nothing conclusive was proven against them, but they were still held in custody for some reason for which I have not as yet learned and as they manifested no desire to escape, and no violence towards them was apprehended, they were merely kept in the dwelling house of Justice Dilley. On Wednesday night May 4th, when no one was dreaming of danger, a number of men in disguise broke into the house at which they were staying, and after fastening the Justice in his room to prevent his interference, they proceeded to take possession of the prisoners. The man fought like a tiger, but was soon overpowered, and both were carried off into the woods. They were told that if they would not confess the theft and give up the money they would be immediately hung. As neither one would acknowledge anything, they at once proceeded to accomplish their fiendish purposes. The man was first hung up and kept there until he was entirely unconscious, and then with a refinement of cruelty which could only be looked for in the most hardened brutes, he was taken down and buried in a shallow hole, which was dug for the purpose, to make his wife believe that he was dead, in hope of frightening her into a confession. But the woman was plucky, and would give them no satisfaction. She was accordingly swung up by the same rope used on her husband, and was let hang till life was nearly extinct; in the meantime the man was taken from his grave, and the lynchers finding that nothing was to be got out of them, after some difficulty resuscitated them and left them to get home as best they could. This diabolical proceeding has awakened the deepest indignation in the community, and should the sufferers be able, as they say are, to identify any of their persecutors, no pains will be spared to bring them to justice. No arrests has been made up to yesterday, but preparations were being made for the apprehension of three or four of those concerned.

As I had the particulars from one of the individuals who had charge of the prisoners, you may rely on their correctness.

Should anything of importance transpire in connection with this extraordinary case, I will give you all the particulars.—Yours truly,

THEODORE GLANCY.

☞ The challenge of the Rev. Mr. Richmond (Episcopalian) of Milwaukee, for a discussion of Episcopacy, has been accepted by Prof. J. B. Turner, of Jacksonville, Ill. Prof. Turner expresses his views freely, deeming it a "great pity" that Mr. Richmond's challenge "should stand before the people of Illinois for some twere years, and that at last he should be driven to go out of the State, away down to New York, for a competitor."

☞ The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says the Unitarian society, after four years' experience of pure congregational singing has modified it by the introduction of a quartette choir as leaders of the common voice. The First Congregational society (Rev. Mr. Parson's), after a years' similar experience, has introduced a like modification.

☞ The Catholic municipality of Vienna, Austria, has given evidence of its tolerent spirit by subscribing $25,000 to a Protestant school, and the emperor has personally given $1500 towards the erection of a Protestant church.

☞ A Glasgow paper gives an account of the proceedings of a rorivalist at Paisley, Scotland, named Brownlow North, who preaches nightly to crowded audiences, with such power as to throw young women into hysterics. After service he acts as father confessor, and crowds of women remain to lay bare their secret thoughts to him. On one occasion the confessional was occupied by fair penitents till two o'clock in the morning.

☞ The Rev. E. F. Berky, an Episcopalian, has published a letter descriptive of the baptism of Henry Clay. The nature of the ceremony is thus described: "Mr Clay was baptized in his parlor, at Ashland, on the 23d of June, 1847, in our usual way, by pouring a hand full of water on his head, in the name of the Holy Trinity; one of his daughters-in-law and four of his granddaughters were baptized at the same time, and in the same way."

☞ Miss Tulip, in speaking of old bachelors, says that they are frozen out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love.—As they are useless as weeds, they should be served in the same manner—choked!—[Exchange.

Wonder if Miss T. would not like to choke one with the icside of her elbow!—[*Louisville Courier.*

☞ It is asserted that a man's finger-nails grow their complete length in four months and a half. A man living seventy years renews his nails one hundred and seventy times. Allowing each nail to be half an inch long, he has grown seven feet and nine inches of finger-nail on each finger, and on fingers and thumbs an aggregate of 77 feet and 6 inches.

WOULDN'T BE PRESIDENT OF A BANK.—A good story is told of a Western man who recently went into an adjoining state to buy a drove of horses. He was longer absent than he intended, and failed to meet a business engagement. On being reproached for not being home he made due apology: "I tell you how it is, squire; at every little confounded town, they wanted me to stop and be President of a Bank."